Engraved by F. Mackenzie from a drawing by Dighton

Mrs Jordan

Published by West & Hughes Paternoster Row. Sept 1.1800.

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THE

JOVIAL SONGSTER,

OR THE

Musical Miscellany;

BEING AN ELEGANT COLLECTION OF

SONGS,

COMPRISING ALL THOSE NOW SINGING AT THE

Theatres Royal,

And other Places of Public Amusement,

TOGETHER WITH

SEVERAL ORIGINALS,

BY CELEBRATED AUTHORS.

Embellished by a beautiful Frontispiece.

London.

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THE

JOVIAL SONGSTER,

SONG.

Sung by Miss Sims.

I'M as smart a lad as you'd wish to see,
I love all the girls, for they all love me,
And between you and I—but it's all very well,
And you know 'tis not fair to kiss and tell;
Or else, why lud, no lass in town,
Of dark, or fair, or black, or brown,
But wou'd take my hand, indeed 'tis true,
And give *me* a kiss, when she'd laugh at you.

CHORUS.

I'm a pretty fellow, see, and believe me now,
I'm a very merry lad—nay, besides I vow,
That, tho' prais'd by the lasses, great and small.
I'm lov'd by your Susan best of all.

Nay, nay, good Sir, ne'er look so bluff,
The reason why, is plain enough;
I dance, I fence—Ha! ha!—See there,
And cock my hat *en militaire;*
Yet if you're vex'd about your Sue,
Tho' she loves me as well as she *can* love you,
Why sooner than plant in your breast a dart,
I'll give up her hand with all my heart.
I'm a pretty fellow, &c.

A HUNTING SONG.

COME, rouze, brother sportsmen, the hunters all cry,
We've got a good scent, and a fav'ring sky;
The horn's sprightly notes, and the lark's early song,
Will chide the dull sportsman for sleeping so long.

Bright Phœbus has shewn us the glimpse of his face,
Peep'd in at our windows, and call'd to the chace;
He soon will be up, for his dawn wears away,
And makes the fields blush with the beams of his ray.

Sweet Molly may teize you, perhaps, to lie down;
And if you refuse her, perhaps she may frown:
But tell her, that love must to hunting give place;
For as well as her charms, there are charms in the chace.

Look yonder, look yonder, old Reynard I spy;
At his brush nimbly follow brisk Chanter and Fly;
They seize on their prey, see his eye-balls they roll;
We're in at the death—now let's home to the bowl.

There we'll fill up our glasses, and toast to the king;
From a bumper fresh loyalty ever will spring;
To George, peace and glory may heaven dispense,
And fox-hunters flourish a thousand years hence.

BRITANNIA'S SONS AT SEA.

BRITANNIA'S sons at sea,
In battles always brave;
Strike to no power, d'ye see,
That ever plough'd the wave.
Fal, lal, &c.

But when we're not afloat
'Tis quite another thing,
We strike to petticoat,
Get groggy, dance and sing.
Fal, lal, &c.

With Nancy deep in love,
I once to sea did go,
Return'd, she cry'd, by Jove,
I'm marry'd, dearest Joe.
Fal, lal, &c. (*Mimicks her.*)

Great guns I scarce could hold,
To find that I was ſlung,
But Nancy prov'd a ſcold,
Then I got drunk and ſung.
Fal, lal, &c. (*Hiccups.*)

At length I did comply,
And made a rib of Sue;
What tho' she'd but one eye,
It pierc'd my heart like two.
Fal, lal, &c.

And now I take my glass,
Drink, England; and my King;
Content with my old laſs,
Get groggy, dance, and ſing.
Fal, lal, &c. (*Hiccups.*)

CONTENT;

A PASTORAL BALLAD.

Written by Mr. Cunningham.

O'ER moorlands and mountains, rude, barren, and bare,
As wilder'd and weary I roam,
A gentle young ſhepherdeſs sees my deſpair,
And leads me o'er lawns to her home;
Yellow ſheaves, from rich Ceres, her cottage had crown'd,
Green ruſhes were ſtrew'd on the floor;
Her caſement ſweet woodbines crept wantonly round,
And deck'd the ſod ſeats at her door.

We sat ourselves down to a cooling repast,
Fresh fruits, and she cull'd me the best;
While thrown from my guard, by some glances she cast,
Love slily stole into my breast.
I told my soft wishes, she sweetly reply'd,
(Ye virgins her voice was divine)
I've rich ones rejected, and great ones deny'd,
Yet take me, fond shepherd, I'm thine.

Her air was so modest, her aspect so meek,
So simple, yet sweet were her charms;
I kiss'd the ripe roses that glow'd on her cheek,
And lock'd the lov'd maid in my arms.
Now jocund together we tend a few sheep;
And if, on the banks by the stream,
Reclin'd on her bosom I sink into sleep,
Her image still softens my dream.

Together we range o'er the slow-rising hills,
Delighted with pastoral views:
Or rest on the rock where the streamlet distills
And mark out new themes for my muse.
To pomp or proud titles she ne'er did aspire,
The damsel's of humble descent;
The cottager Peace is well known to her sire,
And shepherds have nam'd her Content.

COME HASTE TO THE WEDDING.

Sung in the Elopement.

COME haste to the wedding, ye friends and ye neighbours,
The lovers their bliss can no longer delay;
Forget all your sorrows, your care, and your labours,
And let ev'ry heart beat with rapture to-day:

Ye vot'ries all; attend to my call,
Come, revel in pleasures that never can cloy;
Come, see rural felicity,
Which love and innocence ever enjoy.

Let envy, let pride, let hate and ambition,
Still crowd to, and beat at the breast of the great;
To such wretched passions we give no admission,
But leave them alone to the wise-ones of state;
We boast of no wealth, but contentment and health,
In mirth and in friendship our moments employ.
Come, see rural felicity, &c.

With reason we taste of each heart-stirring pleasure,
With reason we drink of the full-flowing bowl;
Are jocund and gay, but all within measure,
For fatal excess will enslave the free soul.
Then come at our bidding, to this happy wedding,
No care shall intrude our bliss to annoy;
Come, see rural felicity, &c.

WILLY;

A SCOTCH BALLAD.

Sung at Vauxhall.

WITH tuneful pipe and merry glee,
Young Willy won my heart,
A blyther swain you could nae see,
All beauty without art.

CHORUS.

Willy's rare, and Willy's fair,
And Willy's wond'rous bonny;
And Willy says he'll marry me,
Gin e'er he'll marry ony.

O came you by yon water-side,
Pull'd you the rose or lily,
Or came you by yon meadow green,
Or saw you my sweet Willy.
Willy's rare, and Willy's fair, &c.

Syne now the trees are in bloom,
And flow'rs spread o'er ilka field,
I'll meet my lad among the broom,
And lead him to my summer's shield.
Willy's rare, and Willy's fair, &c.

LORD DUNCAN OFF CAMPERDOWN.

THE eleventh of October shall never be forgot,
Our prospects were but sombre, when lo! a gallant Scot:
Brave Duncan, honour'd name, with glory and renown,
He thunder'd Britain's fame off thee, O Camperdown!

Along Batavia's shore what dire and sad dismay,
What floods of purple gore flow'd on that dreadful dry:
Britannia generous weeps, e'en o'er her hero's crown,
Which half in tears she steeps off thy shore, Camperdown.

See Holland's vaunted navy, their glory and their boast,
The flag strike of Batavia, in sight of their own coast:
What though they nobly fought, great Duncan still bore down,
And Britain's glory bought off thy shore, Camperdown.

Valour and skill combine at once to overthrow,
Brave Duncan burst the line, and hurl down on the foe
The weight of Britain's pow'r, her awful naval frown,
Shook Holland in that hour off thy shore, Camperdown.

To Providence supreme let ev'ry heart give way,
Assert its grateful claim, like Duncan homage pay;

Devotion valour grac'd, with dignity her son,
The god of battles prais'd off thy shore, Camperdown.

Old England proudly rears on Howe and Vincent's fame,
Scotia her quota bears, and this distinguish'd name
Shall in her heart still live with glory and renown,
Mem'ry must ever give, Duncan off Camperdown.

IN THE DEAD OF THE NIGHT.

Sung by Mr. Jordan.

IN the dead of the night, when with labour opprest,
All mortals enjoy the calm blessing of rest.
Cupid knock'd at my window, disturbing my ease,
Who's there? I demanded—Begone if you please.

He answer'd so meekly, so modest, and mild,
" Dear ma'am, it is I, an unfortunate child;
'Tis a cold rainy night, I am wet to the skin;
I have lost my way, ma'am, so pray let me in."

No sooner from wet and from cold he got ease,
Then taking his bow, he cry'd—" Ma'am, if you please,
If you please, ma'am, I would by experiment know
If the rain has damag'd the string of my bow.

Then away skipp'd the urchin, as brisk as a bee,
And, laughing, " I wish you much joy, ma'am," said he,
" My bow is undamag'd, for true went my dart,
But you will have trouble enough with your heart."

PHYSICAL SNOB.

I AM a physical snob, Sirs,
Can cure ev'ry disease very fast!
There's no greater dab at a job, Sirs,
Than little Emanuel Last.

A son of seventh son I, Sirs,
Altho' in no chariot I rolls!
As physician I patch up your bodies,
As cobler I patch up your soles.
With my fol de rol, &c.

Your Warwick-lane physic disciples
Strut about, and look wond'rous big;
But, alas! all their knowledge is plac'd
In a gold-headed cane and bush wig.
As for me, Sir, I cure all distempers,
Howsomever so bad they may be;
But like many of my learned brothers,
No prescription without I've a fee.
With my fol de rol, &c.

Master Bobby, a crop of this age,
T'other day in great haste for me sent,
Lest death should push him off life's stage;
So away to the gemman I went:
I gave him a potion for sleeping,
Which, a little while after he'd ta'en,
He was put into bed, and he slept, Sirs,
So sound that he ne'er wak'd again.
With my fol de rol, &c.

THAN ENVIED MONARCHS HAPPIER STILL.

Sung by Mrs. Bland.

THAN envied monarchs happier still,
O! happier far, the peasant,
No treason lurks about his mill,
No terrors break his slumbers pleasant.
Yet one must fill the regal seat,
With care incessant pressing,
E'en to preserve those slumbers sweet,
His lowly, happy cottage, blessing.

Then fly not now, O gentle sleep,
Fly not our humble dwelling,
His anguish in oblivion sleep,
The image of the past repelling;
And such soft visions of delight,
From airy fancy borrow,
As he deserves, whose watchful night,
From us poor peasants, drives forth sorrow.

SONG.

Sung by Mr. Bannister.

I HAVE sail'd the world all round, view'd all nations and climes,
Ev'ry point of the compass have box'd,
Seen fair weather, heavy squalls, your best and worst of times,
And now and then a pretty girl I've coax'd.

CHORUS.

But Old England for my money, and a British lass in tow,
Bless their hearts! why I never, never snub 'em,
As for this or that there enemy, wherever bred the foe,
We English hearty cocks always drub 'em.
Then with flip, the fiddle, Poll,
Piping, tol de riddle, lol,
We laugh and quaff it merrily, yeo ho!

They call us careless ninnies, we'll e'en let them, and what then?
Why the rhyno we work hard for you know;
Not to hoard it like lubbers, but spend it, boys, like men,
With a messmate, girl, a fiddle, boys, or so.
Old England for my money, &c.

DUNCAN AND VICTORY.

AGAIN the willing trump of fame
Receives from bounteous heaven a claim,
Around glad nature's sons to call,
And wake with wonder the terrestrial ball;
Strike shudd'ring France and harrow'd Spain
With Duncan's thunder, and Britannia's reign,
Confirm'd anew his empire o'er the main;

CHORUS.

Sing, Britons, sing, prizing what fate has giv'n,
Union, Content, and gratitude to heaven.

October the eleventh, at nine,
Neptune beheld the British line,
And, lest his honours so long worn,
Should from our ever conqu'ring flag be torn;
Dismay to France, horror to Spain,
Bid Duncan's thunder, Great Britannia's reign
Proclaim anew the sov'reign of the main;

CHORUS.

Sing, Britons, sing, prizing what fate has given,
Union, content, and gratitude to heaven.

Fate warr'd on this momentous day;
Three hours nine ships saw captur'd lay;
(Vain Holland's dream of pow'r, no more!)
Her conquer'd fleet shall grace Britannia's shore;
Droop, trembling France, sink, fearful Spain,
Duncan, in thunder, great Britannia's reign
Proclaims anew, the sov'reign of the main;

CHORUS.

Sing, Britons, sing, prizing what fate has giv'n,
Union, content, and gratitude to heaven.

THE IRISHMAN'S FIRST OF AUGUST.

Written and Sung by T. Dibdin.

Tune—*Paddy O'Blarney.*

NOW listen, my honeys, awhile if you please,
And a comical story I'll tell soon,
Of a tight little fellow, well known on the seas,
And his name it was admiral Nelson;
I'm sure you have all of ye heard of his fame,
How he fought like the devil, wherever he came;
[*Spoken.*] And may be the Dutch, Spaniards, and French, won't—well, then, they won't—
Have plenty of cause to remember the name
Of my tight little admiral Nelson.

His arm having lost at that damn'd Teneriffe,
Never mind, says he, I shall get well soon,
I shall catch 'em one day, as you see, lads; and if
They escape me, blame admiral Nelson.
To doubt what I promise were mighty absurd,
And I've left 'em my hand as a pledge of my word;
[*Spoken.*] And so he did, faith, arm and all; and good security it was; for, you know the old proverb says
That one hand in the bush is worth two in the bird,
So success to brave admiral Nelson!

At length, by my faith, it would make the dead smile,
Just to hear what Sir Horace befel soon;
The French took a trip to the banks of the Nile,
To make work for brave admiral Nelson;
Arrah fait, he fell in wid 'em close by the land,
And he stuck in their skirts, as you'll soon understand;
[*Spoken.*] And fait, the devil himself would have laughed wid both sides of his mouth—
To see how he lather'd the French with one hand,
Oh! the world for brave admiral Nelson.

On the first of sweet August, you know that's the day,
As the boatmen of London can tell soon,
When for coats and for badges they all row'd away,
Little thinking of admiral Nelson,
Who then won a badge of so brilliant a cast,
That its memory with Britons will never go past:—
[*Spoken.*] And every first of August, while the health of Nelson floats on the glass, the liquor shall be enriched with a tear to the memory of the brave fellows who fell on the occasion; and come as many first of Augusts as there will—
There's no first of August will e'er beat the last,
When the French struck to admiral Nelson.

TIBBY.

O TIBBY! I hae seen the day
Ye wad na' been sae shy;
For lack o' gear ye do slight me,
But, fiend a hair care I.

Yestreen I met ye on the moor,
Ye spak na', but gaed by like stour;
Ye geek at me because I'm poor,
But, fiend a hair care I.

I doubt na', lass, but ye may think,
Because ye hae the name o' clink,
That ye can please me at a wink,
Whene'er ye like to try.

But sorrow tak him that's sae mean,
Altho' his pouch o' coin were clean,
As follow ony saucy quean,
That looks sae proud and high.

It's gin a lad be e'er sae smart,
Yet, if he want the yellow dirt,
Ye'll thraw your head another art,
And answer him fou dry.

But, gin he hae the name o' gear,
Ye'll fasten to him like the brier,
Though he be, or for sense or lear,
Nae better than the kye.

Then, Tibby, lass, tak my advice—
Your daddy's gear maks ye ilk' nice;
For the de'il o'm a' wad speer your price,
Were ye as poor as I.

THE JOLLY YOUNG WATERMAN.

AND did you not hear of a jolly young waterman,
Who at Black-friars bridge us'd for to ply?
He feather'd his oars with such skill and dexterity,
Winning each heart, and delighting each eye:
He look'd so neat, and row'd so steadily,
The maidens all flock'd in his boat so readily;
And he ey'd the young rogues with so charming an air,
That this waterman ne'er was in want of a fare.

What sights of fine folks he oft row'd in his wherry,
'Twas clean'd out so nice, and so painted withal!
He was always first oars, when the fine city ladies,
In a party to Ranelagh went, or Vauxhall.
And oftentimes wou'd they be giggling and leering,
But 'twas all one to Tom, their gibing and jeering;
For loving, or liking, he little did care,
For this waterman ne'er was in want of a fare.

And yet, but to see how strangely things happen;
As he row'd along, thinking of nothing at all,
He was ply'd by a damsel so lovely and charming,
That she smil'd, and so straightway in love he did fall.
And would this young damsel but banish his sorrow,
He'd wed her to-night, before it was morrow:
And how should this waterman ever know care,
When he's marry'd, and never in want of a fare?

'TWAS WHEN THE SEAS WERE ROARING.

Written by Mr. Gay.

RECITATIVE.

'TWAS when the seas were roaring,
With hollow blasts of wind,
A damsel lay deploring,
All on a rock reclin'd!
Wide o'er the foaming billows
She cast a wistful look;
Her head was crown'd with willows,
That trembled o'er the brook.

AIR.

Twelve months are gone and over,
And nine long tedious days;
Why didst thou, vent'rous lover,
Why didst thou trust the seas?
Cease, cease, thou troubled ocean,
And let my lover rest;
Ah! what's thy troubled motion,
To that within my breast?

The merchant robb'd of pleasure,
Views tempests with despair,
But what's the loss of treasure
To losing of my dear?
Should you some coast be laid on,
Where gold and diamonds grow,
You'd find a richer maiden,
But none that loves you so.

How can they say that nature
Has nothing made in vain;
Why, then, beneath the water,
Do hideous rocks remain?

No eyes those rocks discover,
Which lurk beneath the deep;
To wreck the wand'ring lover,
And leave the maid to weep.

THE SWEET LITTLE GIRL THAT I LOVE.

Sung by Master Phelps.

MY friends all declare that my time is mispent,
While in rural retirement I rove;
I ask no more wealth than dame fortune has sent,
But the sweet little girl that I love.

The rose on her cheek's my delight,
She's soft as the down on the dove,
No lily was ever so white,
As the sweet little girl that I love.

Tho' humble my cot, calm content gilds the scene,
For my fair one delights in my grove,
And a palace I'd quit for a dance on the green
With the sweet little girl that I love.
The sweet little girl, &c.

No ambition I know but to call her my own,
No fame but her praise wish to prove;
My happiness centers in Mary alone,
She's the sweet little girl that I love:
The sweet little girl, &c.

SWEET LILIES OF THE VALLEY.

O'ER barren hills and flow'ry dales,
O'er seas and distant shores,
With merry song, and jocund tales,
I've pass'd some pleasant hours:

Tho' wand'ring thus I ne'er could find
A girl like blithsome Sally,
Who picks, and culls, and cries aloud,
Sweet lilies of the valley.

From whistl'ing o'er the hollow turf,
From nesting of each tree,
I chose a sailor's life to wed,
So social, gay, and free:
Yet, though the lasses love as well,
And often try to rally,
None pleases me like her who cries,
Sweet lilies of the valley.

I'm now return'd, of late discharg'd,
To use my native toil;
From fighting in my country's cause,
To plough my country's soil:
I care not which, with either pleas'd,
So I possess my Sally,
That little merry nymph that cries,
Sweet lilies of the valley.

THE CARELESS TAR.

WHAT matters, Tom, to where we're bound,
If slighted while on British ground,
Because our pocket's low?
A foe, d'ye see, can't use us worse,
Kind fortune yet may favour us,
And take her tars in tow.

What though we be neglected now,
Shall we to lubbers cringe and bow?
No, dam'me, messmates, no:
D'ye mind me, we never did it yet,
Kind fortune soon may smile abit,
And take her tars in tow.

For my part, dear Tom, whate'er betides,
I know there's one that will provide,
For you, and I, and Joe;
So brave, my hearts, the tempest now,
Kind fortune yet I think as how,
Will take her tars in tow.

Of this be sure, though now cast down,
The mermaid can't for ever frown,
Why then, she'll kinder grow:
And, shiver me to splinters, mate,
But fortune yet may change our state,
And take us tars in tow.

But should she frown, and, brimstone like,
Her saucy colours never strike,
Why, then we'll let her know,
There's room enough for you and me,
To spend our lives in joy at sea,
And she to hell may go.

WHY DROOPS MY NAN.

WHY droops my Nan, and why those tears?
Cheerful, my girl, dispel all fears;
Cast grief aside, while, from you far,
Tumultuous billows rock your tar:
While howling winds around him blow,
Let not your bosom ache with woe;
A pow'r benignant from above,
Will guard me from my dearest love.

I go, my Nan, my country's friend,
We're dar'd by foes, we must contend;
Glory and honour doth invite,
The youth to fix his native right:
One cheering smile before we part,
Wipe off those drops that sink my heart;
Where'er I go I'll think of you,
One kiss, sweet girl, and then adieu.

A HUNTING SONG.

YE sportsmen draw near, and ye sportswomen too,
Who delight in the joys of the field;
Mankind, tho' they blame, are all eager as you,
And no one the contest will yield.
His lordship, his worship, his honour, his grace,
A hunting continually go;
All ranks and degrees are engag'd in the chace;
Hark forward, huzza, tally ho.

The lawyer will rise with the first of the morn,
To hunt for a mortgage or deed;
The husband gets up, at the sound of the horn,
And rides to the Commons full speed;
The patriot is thrown in pursuit of his game;
The poet, too, often lays low,
Who, mounted on Pegasus, flies after fame,
With hark forward, huzza, tally ho.

While, fearless, o'er hills and o'er woodlands they sweep,
Tho' prudes on our pastime may frown,
How oft do they decency's bounds over-leap,
And the fences of virtue break down.
Thus, public or private, for pension, for place,
For amusement, for passion, for shew,
All ranks and degrees are engag'd in the chace,
With hark forward, huzza, tally ho.

WHA WANTS ME?

THE sun, o'er western hills advanc'd,
Shot forth a gowden ray,
That on our cottage window danc'd,
The foy of parting day:

'Twas then I roam'd the flow'ry glen,
That ilka passing gale,
Might bear to bonny Sandy's ken
A whisper of my tale—
Let mother scold me if she like,
The lad I lang to see;
Then Sandy—peeping o'er a dyke—
Said, smiling, "Wha wants me?"

Quite startled by the shepherd's voice,
For nane methought was near,
I journey'd hameward in a trice,
Bombaz'd wi' shame and fear;
But Sandy busk'd in bonnet blue,
And plaid of tartan bra,
Appear'd a winsom lad to view,
The blythest e'er I saw.
Says I, indeed I love him weel,
And fain would speak him free;
Still Sandy, close upon my heel,
Cry'd, lassie, "Wha wants me?"

My mother knew not his intent
And therefore gave command,
That tho' the swain had won my heart,
He ne'er should ha' my hand:
Tho' oft on yonder flow'ry birk,
He woo'd me to comply,
Persuading me to gang to kirk,
King Hymen's knot to tie;
Yet long my shepherd woo'd in vain,
I never durst agree;
Sae now am doom'd to range the plain,
Still sighing, "Wha wants me?"

WHEN BRITAIN ON THE FOAMING MAIN.

WHEN Britain on the foaming main,
Her native reign,
Bids her sons her rights declare;
Soon as her fire has taught the foe
Again to know
Who their dauntless conquerors are;

CHORUS.

The sailor's bosom swells with joy,
Beyond the glory to destroy
He feels the power to save,
And conquering views a foe no more,
In him who sought his life before,
But lifts him from the wave.

Tho' seas are swelling mountains high,
Our boats we ply,
'Tis a fellow creature falls—
See him raise his hand in fear,
And wond'ring hear
The cheering voice that life recalls.
The sailor's bosom, &c.

SOVEREIGN OF THE SEA.

THUS, thus, my boys, our anchor's weigh'd,
The glorious British flag display'd,
Unfurl'd the swelling sail;
Sound, sound, your shells, ye Tritons, sound!
Let every heart with joy rebound—
We scud before the gale;

CHORUS.

For Neptune quits his wat'ry car,
Depos'd by Jove's decree,
To hail each free-born British tar,
A sov'reign of the sea.

A sail a-head, our decks we clear,
The canvas croud, the chase we're near,
In vain the Frenchman flies;
A broadside pour'd through clouds of smoke,
Our captain roars, my hearts of oak,
Now draw and board your prize.
For Neptune, &c.

HIS SPARKLING EYES.

Sung by Mrs. Bland.

HIS sparkling eyes were dark as jet,
Chica, chica, chica, cho;
Can I comely Turk forget?
O never, never, never, no:
Did he not watch till night did fall,
And sail in silence on the sea;
Did he not climb our sea-girt wall,
To talk so lovingly to me!
O his sparkling eyes, &c.

His lips were of the coral hue,
His teeth of ivory so white;
But he was hurry'd from my view,
Who gave to me such fond delight!
And why should tender lovers part,
And why should father cruel be?
Why bid me banish from my heart,
A heart so full of love for me?
O his sparkling eyes, &c.

WHEN FORC'D FROM DEAR HEBE TO GO.

Written by Mr. Shenstone.

WHEN forc'd from dear Hebe to go,
What anguish I felt at my heart!
And I thought—but it might not be so—
She was sorry to see me depart

She cast such a languishing view,
My path I could scarcely discern;
And so sweetly she bade me adieu,
I thought she had bade me return.

Methinks she might like to retire,
To the grove I had labour'd to rear;
For whatever I heard her admire,
I hasted, and planted it there.
Her voice such a pleasure conveys,
So much I her accents adore,
Let her speak, and whatever she says,
I'm sure still to love her the more.

And now, ere I haste to the plain,
Come, shepherds, and tell of her ways;
I could lay down my life for the swain
Who would sing me a song in her praise.
While he sings may the maids of the town
Come flocking, and listen the while;
Nor on him let Hebe once frown,
Tho' I cannot allow her to smile.

To see when my charmer goes by,
Some hermit peep out of his cell;
How he thinks of his youth with a sigh!
How fondly he wishes her well!
On him she may smile if she please,
It will warm the cool bosom of age—
Yet cease, gentle Hebe, O cease,
Such softness will ruin the sage.

I've stole from no flow'rets that grow,
To deck the dear charms I approve;
For what can a blossom bestow,
So sweet, so delightful as love!
I sing in a rustical way,
A shepherd, and one of the throng;
Yet Hebe approves of my lay:
Go, poets, and envy my song.

SANDY AND JENNY,

Written by Mr. Upton, and sung by Mr. Cooke at Vauxhall. The Music by Mr. Sanderson.

(NEVER BEFORE PRINTED.)

" COME, come, bonny lassie," cry'd Sandy, " awa,
While mither is spinning, and father's a-far;
The folk are at work, and the bairns are at play,
And we will be marry'd, dear Jenny, to-day."

" Stay, stay, bonny laddie," I answer'd with speed,
" I winna, I munna go with you indeed;
Besides, should I do so, what would the folk say?
O we canna marry, dear Sandy, to-day."

" List, list," said he, " lassie, and mind what you do?
Both Patty and Peggy I give up for you;
Besides, a full twelvemonth we've trifled away,
Then let us be marry'd, dear Jenny, to-day."

" Fie, fie! bonny laddie," reply'd I again,
" When *Peggy* you *kiss'd* t'other day on the plain;
Besides, a new ribbon does Patty display,
So we canna marry, dear Sandy, to-day."

" Then, then a good by, bonny lassie," said he,
" For *Peggy* and *Patty* are *waiting* for *me!*
The *kirk* is hard by, and the bells call away,
And *Peggy* or *Patty* I'll marry to-day."

" Stop, stop, bonny laddie," says I with a smile,
" And know I was *joking* with you all the while;
Let *Patty* go *spin*, and send *Peggy* away,
For *we* will be *marry'd*, dear Sandy, *to-day*."

FRIENDSHIP AND LOVE.

By T. Inskip..

(NEVER BEFORE PRINTED.)

OF ev'ry sensation true joy can impart,
To soothe the keen sorrows of life;
There's none can such pleasures convey to the heart
As that of a friend and a wife.
For oh! what fond transports that bosom must prove,
Which boasts the enjoyment of Friendship and Love.

Should fortune prove kind, a friend's wants are reliev'd,
Till plenty once more is his guest;
Should she frown, from that friend the same blessing's receiv'd,
Whilst pleasure succeeds in each breast.
Then oh! what fond transports that bosom must prove,
Which boasts the enjoyment of Friendship and Love.

Tho' the blessings of friendship the bosom may warm,
Still love gives an equal relief;
In health—the inspirer of ev'ry soft charm,
In affliction—the pillow of grief.
Then oh! what fond transports that bosom must prove,
Which boasts the enjoyment of Friendship and Love.

THE KING'S PICTURE.

Written by Mr. T. Dibdin.

MR. Abraham Newland's a monstrous good man,
But when you have said of him whatever you can;
Why all his soft paper would look very blue,
If it wan't for the yellow boys, pray what think you?
Fal, lal, &c.

With Newlands for letters of credit proceed,
Pray what would you do where the people can't read?
But the worst of all dunces we know very well,
Only shew him a guinea, I warrant he'll spell.
Fal, lal, &c.

Your lawyers, and doctors, and them sort of folks,
Who with fees, and such fun, you know never stand jokes,
In defence of my argument, try the whole tote,
Sure they'll all take a guinea before a pound note.
Fal, lal, &c.

The French would destroy all our credit and trade,
If they were not unable, asham'd, or afraid;
They may talk of our King, but let who will be victor,
They'll be devilish glad to get hold of his picture.
Fal, lal, &c.

From this picture so precious, may Britons ne'er part,
While the glorious original reigns in each heart;
And while we've such tars as our navy can boast,
With our King and his picture we must rule the roast.
Fal, lal, &c.

ANACREONTIC SONG.

By Captain Morrice, for which he received the Prize of the Gold Cup from the Harmonic Society.

COME, thou soul-reviving CUP,
And try thy healing art,
Light the fancy's visions up,
And warm my wasted heart!

Touch with glowing tints of bliss
Mem'ry fading dream;
Give me, while thy lip I kiss,
The heav'n that's in thy stream!

In thy fount the LYRIC MUSE
Ever dipp'd his wing,
Anacreon fed upon thy dews,
And Horace drain'd thy spring!
I, too, humblest of the train,
There my *spirit* find,
Freshen there my languid brain—
And store my vacant mind!

When, blest CUP, thy fires divine
Pierce through TIME's dark reign,
All the joys that once were mine
I snatch from DEATH again;
And, though oft fond anguish rise
O'er my melting mind,
Hope still starts to sorrow's eyes—
And drinks the tear behind!

Ne'er, sweet CUP, was vot'ry blest
More through life than me;
And that life, with grateful breast,
Thou seest I give to thee!
'Midst thy rose-wreath'd nymphs I pass
Mirth's sweet hours away;
Pleas'd, while TIME runs *through the glass*
To FANCY's brighter day!

Then, magic CUP, again for me,
Thy pow'r creative try;
Again let hope-fed FANCY see
A heav'n in BEAUTY's eye!
O, lift my lighen'd heart away
On PLEASURE's downy wing,
And let me taste that bliss TO-DAY
TO-MORROW MAY NOT BRING!

PENT WITHIN THIS CAVERN DREAR.

Sung by Miss Decamp, in What a Blunder!

PENT within this cavern drear,
Captive of a ruffian crew;
Startled at each sound I hear,
Shudd'ring at each face I view;
In dread I pass the gloomy day,
And weep the sleepless night away.

Ere I mourn'd a fate so dire,
Sorrow was an inmate here;
Still her beams of heavenly fire,
Hope display'd my breast to cheer.
The gladd'ning ray she now denies,
For dimm'd is hope when freedom dies.

BLUE-EYED MARY.

Tune—*High-Mettled Racer.*

IN a cottage embossom'd within a deep shade,
Like a rose in a desart, oh! view the meek maid;
Her aspect all sweetness, all plaintive her eye,
And a bosom for which e'en a monarch might sigh.

Then in neat Sunday gown see her met by the 'squire,
All attraction her countenance—his all desire.
He accosts her—she blushes—he flatters—she smiles;
And soon blue-eyed Mary's seduc'd by his wiles.

Now with drops of contrition her pillow's wet o'er;
But the fleece, when once stain'd, can give sweetness no more.
The aged folks whisper, the maidens look shy;
To town the 'squire presses—how can she deny?

There behold her in lodgings—she dresses in style,
Public places frequents, sighs no more, but reads Hoyle!
Learns to squander—they quarrel—his love turns to hate
And soon blue-eyed Mary is left to her fate.

Still of beauty possess'd, and not yet void of shame,
With a heart that recoils at the prostitute's name,
She tries for a service—her character's gone—
And for skill at her needle, alas! 'tis unknown.

Pale want now approaches; the pawnbroker's near,
And her trinkets and clothes, one by one, disappear;
Till at length, sorely pinch'd, and quite desperate grown,
The poor blue-ey'd Mary is forc'd on the town.

In a brothel next see her, trick'd out to allure,
And all ages, all humours, compell'd to endure;
Compell'd, though disgusted, to wheedle and feign,
With an aspect all smiles, and a bosom all pain.

Now caress'd, now insulted, now flatter'd, now scorn'd,
And by ruffians and drunkards oft wantonly spurn'd.
This worst of all mis'ry she's doom'd to endure,
For the poor blue-eyed Mary is now an impure.

Whilst thus the barb'd arrow sinks deep in her soul,
She flies for relief to that traitor the bowl;
Grows stupid and bloated, and lost to all shame,
Whilst a dreadful disease is pervading her frame.

Now with eyes dim and languid, the once blooming maid,
In a garret on straw, faint and helpless is laid;
Oh! mark her pale cheek, see, she scarce draws her breath,
And lo! her blue eyes are now seal'd up in death.

SONG.

By the Rev. Thomas Maurice, M. A. *Assistant Librarian of the British Museum.*

STILL, still, this ardent bosom glows
With hopeless love's consuming fires;
My watchful eyes no slumbers close,
And life in secret pangs expires.

As one vast furnace burns my breast,
Pure as the bright but distant fair,
Whose sacred image deep imprest
Kindles the eternal tumult there.

In the dark grave's oblivious womb
I'll headlong plunge, and lose my care;
Ope wide thy jaws, thou friendly tomb!
And shield a lover from despair.

But hence, ye gloomy doubts, away!
'Tis Stella meets my longing eyes;
Her radiant looks restore the day,
Her smile transports to Paradise.

ALL ON BOARD OF A MAN OF WAR.

WOULD you know, Pretty Nan, how we pass our time,
While we sailors are toss'd on the sea;
Why, believe me, my girl, in each season and clime,
True hearted and merry we be;
Though tempests may blow, still unmindful of care;
So the fiddles but strike up a bar,
Why we sing and we dance, toast our sweethearts, and swear,
All on board of a man of war.

Should the foe bear in sight, and all hands call'd on deck,
Don't think jolly sailors are cow'd,
No, we'll teach them the old British flag to respect,
And bid them defiance aloud;
Then to it like lions perhaps we may go,
What then—do we whine at a scar?
No, we sing and we fight, till we take her in tow,
All on board of a man of war.

As for this thing and that, which the lubbers on shore
Would fain make our lasses believe,
Why d'ye see 'tis palaver, my girl, nothing more,
So Nan, pretty Nan, do not grieve;
No danger can ever our courage affright,
Or shake the true love of a tar,
For wherever steering we still feel delight,
All on board of a man of war.

LE PIPE DE TOBAC.

A much-admired French Air.

WHY should life in sorrow be spent,
When pleasure points to the road,
Wherein each trav'ller with content
May throw off the pond'rous load;
And, instead in ample measure
Gather fruits too long left ripe:
What's this world without its pleasure,
What is pleasure but a pipe?

See the sailor's jovial state,
Mark the soldiers' noble soul;
What doth heroes renovate?
What refines the splendid bowl?

Is it not tobacco dear?
That from the brow fell grief can wipe,
Yes, like them, with a jolly chear,
I find pleasure in a pipe.

Some are fond of care and grief,
Some take pleasure in sad strife,
Some pursue a false belief;
Few there are that enjoy life.
Some delight in envy ever,
Others avaricious gripe:
Would you know my greatest pleasure,
'Tis a glowing social pipe.

SONG.

By Thomas Clio Rickman, to a young Lady.

Tune—*Ere around the huge Oak.*

HOW sweet, when the nightingale sings from yon grove,
When the moon is half hid o'er the hill;
When nothing is heard but the whispers of love,
And the sound of the far distant rill.

How sweet with the friend of our bosom to stray,
'Midst scenes such as these to commune;
And quitting the glitter and bustle of day
Mend the heart, and the passions attune.

May this oft' be our lot, so wisdom divine
Shall lead us a flowery way;
So our morning of life shall splendidly shine,
And its ev'ning be cloudless and gay.

THE YELLOW-HAIR'D LADDIE.

IN April when primroses paint the sweet plain,
And summer approaching rejoiceth the swain,
The Yellow-hair'd Laddie would often times go
To wilds and deep glens, where the hawthorn-trees grow.

There under the shade of an old sacred thorn,
With freedom he sung his loves ev'ning and morn;
He sang with so saft and enchanting a sound,
That sylvans and fairies unseen danc'd around.

The shepherd thus sung, tho' young Maya be fair,
Her beauty is dash'd with a scornful proud air;
But Susie was handsome, and sweetly could sing,
Her breath like the breezes perfum'd in the spring.

That Madie in all the gay bloom of her youth,
Like moon was inconstant, and never spoke truth;
But Susie was faithful, good-humour'd and free,
And fair as the goddess who sprung from the sea.

That Mamma's fine daughter, with all her great dower,
Was awkwardly airy, and frequently sour,
Then, sighing, he wish'd, would parents agree,
The witty sweet Susie his mistress might be.

THE YEOMANRY OF ENGLAND.

(ORIGINAL.)

Written by G. S. Carey.

WHEN Galia strove to spread thro' all this land
The seeds of discord—while insidious strife
In secret corners lurk'd; within each hand
She held, conceal'd, the gastly murd'rer's knife;
Britannia's sons now felt the dire alarms,
And muster'd at the warlike trumpet's sound,
In one strong body clad themselves in arms,
To save the helpless from the mischiefs round.

To arms! to arms! they urg'd, throughout the isle,
While fell rebellion urg'd her direful host
Religion's sacred alters to defile
With impious hands upon our neighb'ring coast;
The beauteous virgins, here in safety roam,
The aged parents with their offspring bless'd
Protected, solace in their peaceful home,
And on their pillows confidently rest.

Now weave a chaplet, virgins, for the head
Of ev'ry Briton, who, to aid our laws,
And, by a voluntary ardour led,
Stands forth a champion in his country cause;
Who puts on armour for the general good,
Nor yet would wish the polish'd blade to stain,
But to prevent the purple stream of blood,
And one much-envy'd reign of peace maintain.

Again our drooping commerce shall revive,
And, unmolested o'er the briny main,
Our laden vessels shall with Neptune strive
To fill the coffers of this land again.
On this fam'd spot each artisan shall boast,
The blessings of his labour, and shall sing,
Or drink together in one fervent toast
The Yeoman brave, his Country and his King;
Then let each Briton's motto be:
" The *Cause* and Unanimity!"

THE BRITISH FAIR, WITH THREE TIMES THREE.

Sung at Vauxhall.

My jovial friends, with social glee,
The bottle now we'll pass;
Each bosom charg'd with loyalty,
With good old port each glass:
The bumpers fill'd, the toast shall be,
" The British Fair, with three times three."

When Briton's sons, with martial fire,
And patriot ardour glow,
While they to warlike deeds aspire,
And pant to meet the foe;
" To British arms, by land and sea,
We'll drink success, with three times three."

The lovely nymph's of Albion's isle,
With pleasure then we'll toast,
And beauty's fascinating smile,
Shall be each Briton's boast:
The bumpers fill'd, the toast shall be,
" The British Fair, with three times three."

SONG.

Written by Mr. Gay.

GO, rose, my Chloe's bosom grace;
How happy should I prove,
Might I supply that envy'd place
With never-fading love!
There, phœnix-like, beneath her eye,
Involv'd in fragrance, burn and die;
Involv'd in, &c.

Know, hapless flow'r, that thou shalt find
More fragrant roses there,
I see thy with'ring head recl'n'd
With envy and despair:
One common fate we both must prove;
You die with envy, I with love.
You die, &c.

A DRINKING SONG.

Tune—"*Derry Down.*

HAD Neptune, when first he took charge of the sea,
Been as wise, or at least been as merry as we,
He'd have thought better on't, and instead of his brine,
Would have fill'd the vast ocean with generous wine.

What trafficking then would have been on the main,
For the sake of good liquor as well as for gain!
No fear then of tempest, or danger of sinking,
The fishes ne'er drown that are always a drinking.

The hot thirsty sun then would drive with more haste,
Secure in the evening of such a repast;
And when he'd got tipsy, would have taken his nap
With double the pleasure in Thetis's lap.

By the force of his rays, and thus heated with wine,
Consider how gloriously Phœbus would shine;
What vast exhalation he'd draw up on high,
To relieve the poor earth, as it wanted supply.

How happy us mortals, when blest with such rain,
To fill all our vessels, and fill them again!
Nay, even the beggar, that has ne'er a dish,
Might jump into the river, and drink like a fish.

What mirth and contentment on ev'ry one's brow!
Hob, as great as a prince, dancing after the plough!
The birds in the air, as they play on the wing,
Although they but sip, would eternally sing.

The stars, who, I think, don't to drinking incline,
Would frisk and rejoice at the fume of the wine;
And, merrily twinkling, would soon let us know
That they were as happy as mortals below.

Had this been the case, what had we then enjoy'd,
Our spirits still rising, our fancy ne'er cloy'd!
A pox then on Neptune, when 'twas in his power
To let slip, like a fool, such a fortunate hour.

THE BEAUTEOUS LOUISA.

Tune—*The High-Mettled Racer.*

SEE the park throng'd with beauties, the tumult's begun,
And right-honour'd knaves talk of conquests they've won;
But view yon pale damsel, and mark her sad air,
'Tis the beauteous Louisa, once virtuous as fair;
Nor spurn her, ye virgins, who shone like a sun,
Ere the beauteous Louisa by man was undone.

A titled despoiler this peerless maid found,
And with specious pretences her innocence drown'd;
But having grown weary and cloy'd of her charms,
The titled seducer expell'd her his arms:
E'en the conquest hard won he insults with his breath,
Though the beauteous Louisa is pining to death.

Though numbers yet offer rich proofs of their love,
The penitent victim against them has strove;
Betray'd and abus'd by the man she ador'd,
She now only wishes her honour restor'd:
But, alas! hapless fair one, thy wishes are vain!
And the heart-broke Louisa is left to complain.

But chance, when the spoiler shall hear she's no more,
The fate of Louisa e'en he may deplore;
The breast that could spurn her may then heave a sigh,
And wish the fair blossom still on it might lie:
But, ah! then how fruitless his love-profier'd terms,
When the beauteous Louisa's a prey to the worms!

THE FAIR OF BRITAIN'S ISLE.

FILL, fill the glass, to beauty charge,
And banish care from ev'ry breast;
In brisk champagne we'll quick discharge;
A toast shall give the wine a zest;
With rapturous love the soul delight,
And make e'en misery smile—
The nation's ornament most bright,
The Fair of Britains Isle.

The boasted beauties they surpass
Of France, of Italy, and Spain;
More nobly rank'd in virtue's class,
The world's applause they justly gain.
Circassia's dames no more shall boast
Their once all-conquering smile;
Through kingdoms this the future toast—
The Fair of Britain's Isle!

Then join with me, ye gen'rous youth,
Whose breasts with noble passion burn,
Plead with sincerity and truth,
Nor doubt you'll meet a just return;
Do you deserve, and they'll reward
With fascinating smile;
Then love and honour ever guard
The Fair of Britain's Isle.

THE GALLEY SLAVE.

O Think on my fate, once I freedom enjoy'd,
Was as happy as happy could be,
But the pleasure is fled, even hope is destroy'd,
A captive, alas! on the sea;
I was taken by the foe, 'twas the fiat of fate
To tear me from her I adore,
But thoughts bring to mind my once happy state,
I sigh, I sigh, while I tug at the oar.

O hard, hard is my fate, how galling are my chains,
My life steers by misery's chart,
And tho' against my tyrants I scorn to complain,
Tears gush forth to ease my fond heart;
I disdain even to shrink tho' I feel the sharp lash,
Yet my breast bleeds for her I adore,
While around me the the unfeeling billows do dash
I sigh, I sigh, while I tug at the oar.

How fortune deceiv'd me, I'd pleasure in tow,
The port where she dwelt I'd in view,
But the wish'd nuptial morn was all clouded with woe,
Dear Anna, I'm hurried from you,
Our shallop was boarded and I bore away,
To behold my dear Anna no more,
But despair waste my spirits, my form felt decay,
I sigh, I sigh, while I tug at the oar.

FAVOURITE BALLAD;

Sung in the Iron Chest.

DOWN by the river there grows a green willow,
Sing, oh! for my true-love, my true-love, oh!
I'll weep out the night there, the bank for my pillow,
And all for my true-love, my true-love, oh!
When chill blows the wind, and tempests are beating,
I'll count all the clouds as I mark them retreating,
For true-lovers' joys, well-a-day are as fleeting;
Sing all for my true-love, my true-love, oh!

Maids, come in pity, when I am departed,
Sing, oh! for my true-love, my true-love, oh!
When dead on the bank I am found broken-hearted,
And all for my true-love, my true-love, oh!
Make me a grave, all while the wind's blowing,
Close to the stream where my tears once were flowing,
And over my corse keep the green willow growing,
'Tis all for my true-love, my true-love, oh!

OLD OLIVER; OR, THE DYING SHEPHERD.

Written by P. Pindar, and set to Music by M. Rauzzini.

RECITATIVE.

THE shepherd, Oliver, grown white with years,
Like some old oak weigh'd down by winter snows,
Now drew the village sighs, and village tears;
His eye-lids sinking to their last repose.

Yet ere expir'd life's trembling flame, and pale,
Thus to the bleating bands around his door,
That seem'd to mourn his absence from their vale,
The feeble shepherd spoke, and spoke no more!

AIR.

O, my flock! whose kind voices I hear,
Adieu! ah, for ever adieu!
No more on your hills I appear,
And together our pleasure pursue:

No more, at the peep of the day,
From valley to valley we rove,
'Mid the streamlets and verdure of May,
'Mid the zephyrs, and shade of the grove.

No more to my voice shall ye run,
And, bleating, your shepherd surround;
And, while I repose in the sun,
Like a guard, watch my sleep on the ground.

When winter, with tempest and cold,
Dims the eye of pale nature with woe,
I lead you no more to the fold,
With your fleeces all cover'd with snow.

O, mourn not at Oliver's death?
Unwept my last sand let it fall;
Ye too must resign your sweet breath,
For *who* his *past years* can recall?

O, take all your shepherd can give!
Receive my last thanks, and last sigh;
Whose simplicity taught me to *live*,
And whose innocence teaches to *die!*

LONDON CRIES.

Tune—*By the Deep Nine.*

WHEN I, to London, first came in,
How I began to gape and stare!
"Fresh lobsters—dust—and wooden-ware!"
The cries they kept up such a din—
A damsel, lovely and black-ey'd,
Tript through the streets, and sweetly cry'd—
"Buy my live sprats—buy my live sprats."
A youth on t'other side the way,
With hoarser lungs did echoing say,
"Buy my live sprats!"

Full shrilly cry'd the chimney-sweep:
The fruitress fair bawl'd—"Round and sound;"
The Jew, would down the æra peep,
To look for custom under ground:
His bag over his shoulder flung,
And to the footmen sweetly sung:
"Cloashes to sell—cloashes." "Round and sound—sweep."
Young Soot cry'd, "Sweep," in accents true;
The Barrow-lady, and the Jew—
"Round and sound—cloashes."

A noise at every turn you'll find:
"Ground-ivy—Rabbit-skins to sell;
"Great news from France! and knives to grind,
"Matts—muffins—milk, and mackarel!"

And when these motly noises die,
And various tones the watchmen cry—
" By the clock—twelve!—Past twelve o'clock!"
Then home to bed, the shopmen creep;
And all the night are kept from sleep,
With—" Past—*hum*'—o'clock!"

THE VINE-COVER'D HILLS.

O'ER the vine-cover'd hills and gay regions of France,
See the day-star of LIBERTY rise;
Through the clouds of detraction unweary'd advance,
And hold its gay course through the skies!
An effulgence so mild, with a lustre so bright,
All Europe with wonder surveys,
And from deserts of darkness, and dungeons of night,
Contends for a share of the blaze.

Let Burke, like a bat, from its splendour retire,
A splendour too strong for his eyes:
Let pedants and fools his effusions admire,
Intrapt in his cobwebs like flies.
Shall phrenzy and sophistry hope to prevail,
When *Reason* opposes its weight,
When the welfare of millions is hung in the scale,
And the balance yet trembles with fate?

Ah! who 'midst the horrors of night would abide,
That can taste the pure breezes of morn?
Or who, that has drunk of the crystalline tide,
To the secculent flood would return?
When the bosom of Beauty the throbbing heart meets,
Ah! who can its transports decline?
Then who that has tasted of Liberty's sweets,
The *prize* but with *life* would resign?

But 'tis over! High Heav'n the decision approves!
Oppression has struggled in vain!
To the Hell she has form'd *Superstition* removes,
And *Tyranny* gnaws his own chain.

To the record of time a new æra unfolds—
All nature exults in its birth:
The CREATOR benign his creation beholds,
And gives a new *charter* to earth.

O catch its high import, ye winds! as ye blow,
O bear it, ye waves! as ye roll,
From regions that feel the sun's vertical glow,
To the farthest extremes of the pole.
Equal *laws*, equal *rights*, to the nations around,
Peace and *friendship* their precepts impart;
And wherever the footsteps of *man* shall be found,
May he *bind* the *decree* on his *heart*!

HOW SWEET IN THE WOODLANDS.

Composed by Dr. Harington.

HOW sweet in the woodlands, with fleet hound and horn,
To waken shrill echo, and taste the fresh morn;
But hard is the chace my fond heart must pursue,
For Daphne, fair Daphne, is lost to my view:
She's lost!
Fair Daphne is lost to my view!

Assist me, chaste Dian', the nymph to regain,
More wild than the roebuck, and wing'd with disdain;
In pity o'ertake her, who wounds as she flies,—
Though Daphne's pursu'd,—tis Myrtillo that dies!—
That dies!
Though Daphne's pursu'd,—'tis Myrtillo that dies.

THE SAILOR'S CONSOLATION.

SPANKING Jack was so comely, so pleasant, so jolly,
Though winds blew great guns, still he'd whistle and sing;
Jack lov'd his friend, and was true to his Molly,
And if honour gives greatness, was great as a king.

One night, as we drove with two reefs in the mainsail,
And the scud came on lowering upon a lee shore,
Jack went up aloft, for to hand the top-ga'nt-sail,
A spray wash'd him off, and we ne'er saw him more.

CHORUS.

But grieving's a folly, come let us be jolly,
If we've troubles at sea, boys, we've pleasures ashore.

Whiffling Tom, full of mischief, or fun in the middle,
Though life in all weathers at random would jog;
He'd dance, and he'd sing, and he'd play on the fiddle,
And swig with an air his allowance of grog.
Long side of a Don, in the Terrible frigate,
As yard-arm and yard-arm we lay off the shore,
In and out Whiffling Tom did so caper and jig it,
That his head was shot off, and we ne'er saw him more!

But grieving's a folly, &c.

Bonny Ben was to each jolly messmate a brother,
He was manly and honest, good-natur'd and free;
If ever one tar was more true than another
To his friend and his duty, that sailor was he.
One day, with the david to heave the cadge anchor,
Ben went in the boat on a bold craggy shore,
He overboard tipt, when a shark, and a spanker,
Soon nipt him in two, and we ne'er saw him more!

But grieving's a folly, &c.

But what of it all, lads, shall we be down-hearted,
Because that may-hap we now take our last sup?
Life's cable must one day or other be parted,
And death in fast mooring will bring us all up.
But 'tis always the way on't, one scarce finds a brother,
Fond as pitch, honest, hearty, and true to the core,
But by battle or storm, or some d—d thing or other,
He's popp'd off the hooks, and we ne'er see him more!

But grieving's a folly, &c.

FREDERICK AND PEACE ARE NO MORE.

ERE Emma's fair form first attracted my view;
This bosom no restless anxiety knew;
The mild breeze of eve lull'd to slumber mine eye,
And morning's bright radiance awoke me to joy;
But ah! this felicitous season is o'er,
And Fred'rick and peace are united no more.

Regardless of danger, I gaz'd on the maid,
And boldly her thousand attractions survey'd;
I view'd her bright lips with vermillion that glow,
Her love-darting eyes, and her bosom of snow;
A rashness, alas! I must ever deplore,
For Fred'rick and peace are united no more.

For though this incaution has fill'd me with pain,
And robb'd me of joys I can ne'er know again,
Yet spite of my suffering this heart will refuse,
A passion as ardent as hopeless, to lose;
And ne'er shall it cease the dear maid to adore;
Tho' Fred'rick and peace be united no more.

THE INVITATION.

Tune—*In Storms when Clouds obscure the Sky.*

THO' winter spreads her drear domain,
And whirlwinds howl on ev'ry plain;
Tho' snows descend in northern storms,
The thought of Bet my bosom warms;
Let tempests roll
From pole to pole,
And wild tornadoes threat,
Bless'd with thy love,
I'll cheerly rove,
And think on thee, my Bet!

Then haste, Eliza, to my cot,
Where winter's frowns shall be forgot:
Thy presence makes each season gay,
And stern December sweet as May.
Come then, my dear,
Disperse thy fear,
No danger here beset;
As swift as thought
The hours will sport,
While bless'd with thee, my Bet.

At length, when spring new prints the mead,
To thee I'll tune my oaten reed;
Or lead thee to yon silent grove,
Sweet harbour of content and love!
There, blithe and gay,
I'll bless the day,
When first my love I met;
I'll laugh at pain,
Nor e'er again
Will part with thee, my Bet.

THE FAITHFUL CAMP BUTCHER.

Sung by Mr. Cosgrove, at Astley's Amphitheatre.

SAM Steel is my name, and a man of some fame,
For where the boys march, there am I;
Yet pray take me right, I mean not to fight,
No—mine is their wants to supply:
For go where I will, I knock down and kill,
And prove, if you'll give me belief,
By night and by day, a friend as you'll say,
And find them old English roast-beef.
Brave boys!
And find them old English roast-beef.

Like Britons they beat, and like Britons they eat,
And while I can handle a knife,
I'll cut up and carve, a soldier to serve,
E'en though at the risk of my life.
And since in the battle, though cannons may rattle,
A soldier's a stranger to grief,
I'll prove very clear, to my heart they are dear,
And find them old English roast-beef, &c.

Then, this too I'll boast, old England's my toast,
And her champions for ever, say I;
May they fight in her cause, nor e'er make a pause,
Till they see all her enemies fly.
And if I turn tail in my duty, or fail,
Why, may I be hang'd like a thief;
No, no, while I live, my assistance I'll give,
And find them old English roast-beef, &c.

I'LL BE TRUE TO THEE.

A favorite Scotch Air, Sung by Mrs. Franklin, at Vauxhall.

EXCHANGING vows of mutual love,
Beside a purling stream,
Sat Joe and Jane, in prime of youth,
And love was all their theme:
Gin ye can loo me, lass, he cry'd,
And loo but only me,
Ye soon shall be a bonny bride,
And I'll be true to thee, lassie.

A wee house o'er the burn ye see,
Wi'-thatch well cover'd o'er,
'Twill shelter give to thee and me,
And what should we want more,
Gin ye can loo me, &c.

Let others follow fame and wealth,
For greater joys I sigh,
I ask of heaven, sweet ease and health,
With thee to live and die.
Gin ye can loo me, &c.

THE SHIPWRECK.

Tune—"*I've sail'd in the good Ship the Nancy.*"

I Sail'd in the ship, Duke of Clarence,
With grog, and good liquor in store,
From the sound, to the gulph of St. Lawrence,
And left all the lubbers ashore;
Well mann'd, with three hundred good fellows,
We put out to sea in full sail,
By Providence watch'd, as they tell us,
We weigh'd ship and weather'd the gale.

CHORUS.

Bill Bobstay our captain commanded,
When wreck'd on the Barbary shore,
And at Deal only ten of us landed,
The fate of poor tars to deplore.

By the board went the main mast while reefing,
All hands at the pump took a spell,
Ev'ry countenance truly had grief in,
The rest of my shipmates can tell;
In the hold there was six feet water,
From sinking she ne'er could refrain,
But the gale took her weathermost quarter,
And tho' she bulg'd, righted again.

In the long boat nineteen only ventur'd,
No compass wherewith for to steer,
The waves mountain high as we enter'd,
But sailors in storms never fear;
Braving dangers we smack'd thro' the ocean,
Tho' the boatswain each night sung a stave,
Ev'ry day by the wind's veering motion,
Expecting a watery grave.

'Twas the loss of our rudder first taught us
Our dreadful misfortunes to know,
To scenes of destruction it brought us,
What hardships we tars undergo;
While the landmen indiff'rently sporting,
And gliding tho' life at their ease,
The seamen, all perils are counting,
While ploughing all on the salt seas.

THE SIGNAL'S GAVE.

Tune—"*Old Towler.*"

THE signal's gave, all hands prepar'd,
And ready for to sail,
Our girls are loth with us to part,
Wish us a favouring gale;
Their looks they seem wild with despair,
To think they with us part,
When we prepare to go on board,
It cuts them to the heart.

CHORUS.

Then heave yo heave ho,
Jack sings yo heave ho,
He braves the dangers of the main,
And still sings yo heave ho.

Why starts the tear from that bright eye,
Alas! why does it fall?
My dearest girl forbear to sigh,
My country does me call;
There is one who reigns above,
Will guard my love I know,
While I am sailing on the main,
Or fighting the proud foe.

There is no parl'ying, Jack replies,
Our anchor it is weigh'd,
So stop those tears, dry up your eyes,
Orders must be obey'd:
If fortune should upon me smile,
If e'er I should return,
Unto old England's favourite isle,
I'll think of you, my girl.

Now Providence ordain'd it so,
They ordered were to sail,
The lasses round the beach they stand,
Wish us a pleasant gale;
From tears they scarcely can refrain,
Their hearts with grief are torn,
And as the ship it glides the seas
Wish us a safe return.

LULLABY.

PEACEFUL slumb'ring on the ocean,
Seamen fear no danger nigh;
The winds and waves, in gentle motion,
Soothes them with their lullaby.

Is the wind tempestuous blowing,
Still no danger they descry;
The guileless heart, its boon bestowing,
Soothes them with its lullaby.

LOVELY NAN.

SWEET is the ship that under sail,
Spreads her white bosom to the gale;
Sweet, oh! sweet's the flowing can
Sweet to poise the lab'ring oar,

That tugs us to our native shore,
When the botswain pipes the barge to man:
Sweet sailing with a fav'ring breeze;
But, ho! much sweeter than all these
Is Jack's delight—his lovely Nan.

The needle, faithful to the north,
To show of constancy the worth,
A curious lesson teaches man;
The needle time may rust—a squall
Capsize the binnacle and all,
Let seamanship do all it can;
My love in worth shall higher rise:
Nor time shall rust, nor squalls capsize
My faith and truth to lovely Nan.

When in the bilboes I was pen'd,
For serving of a worthless friend,
And ev'ry creature from me ran;
No ship, performing quarantine,
Was ever so deserted seen;
None hail'd me—woman, child, nor man:
But though false friendship's sails were furl'd,
Though cut adrift by all the world,
I'd all the world in lovely Nan.

I love my duty, love my friend,
Love truth and merit to defend,
To mourn their loss who hazard ran;
I love to take an honest part,
Love beauty and a spotless heart,
By manners love to show the man;
To sail through life by honour's breeze:—
'Twas all along of loving these
First made me doat on lovely Nan.

SOLDIER'S RETURN.

'TWAS in the ev'ning of a wintry day,
When, safe returning from a long campaign,
Allen, o'ertoil'd and weary with the way,
Came home to see his Sally once again.

His batter'd arms he carelessly threw down,
And view'd his Sally with enraptur'd eyes;
But she receiv'd him with a modest frown:
She knew not Allen in his rough disguise.

His hair was knotted, and his beard unshorn;
His tatter'd 'coutrements about him hung;
A tear of pleasure did his cheeks adorn,
And blessings fell in torrents from his tongue.

Am I so alter'd, by this cruel trade,
That you your faithful Allen have forgot?
Or has your heart unto some other stray'd?
Ah! why did I escape the murd'ring shot?

When this she heard, her wonted colour fled,
She ran, and sunk upon her Allen's breast,
All pale, a while she look'd like one that's dead,
He kiss'd, she breath'd and all her love confes'd.

Oh! my delight, though alter'd as thou art,
Reduc'd by honest courage to this strait,
Thou art the golden treasure of my heart,
My long-lost husband, and my wish'd-for mate!

THE TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND.

Sung by Mr. Townsend, in the Magic Oak.

DADDY Neptune one day to freedom did say,
If ever I liv'd upon dry land,
The spot I should hit on would be Little Britain,
Says Freedom why that's my own island.

Oh! what a snug little island,
A right tight little island;
All the globe round, none can be found
So happy as this little island.

Julius Cæsar, the Roman, who yielded to no man,
Came by water, he couldn't come by land,
And Dane, Pict and Saxon, their homes turn'd their back on,
And all for the sake of our island.
Oh what a snug little island,
They'd all have a touch at the island;
Some were shot dead, some of them fled,
And some stay'd to live in the island.

Then a very great war-man, called Billy the Norman,
Cried, damn it, I never lik'd my land,
It would be much more handy to leave this Normandy,
And live on yon beautiful island.
Says he, 'tis a snug little island,
Shan't us go visit the island;
Hop, skip, and jump, there he was plump,
And he kick'd up a dust in the island.

Yet party deceit help'd the Normans to beat,
Of traitors they manag'd to buy land,
By Dane, Saxon, or Pict, we ne'er had been lick'd
Had they stuck to the king of the island.
Poor Harold the king of the island,
His lost both his life and his island;
That's very true, what could he do?
Like a Briton he died for his island.

Then the Spanish armada set out to invade-a,
Quite sure if they ever came nigh land,
They con'dn't do less than tuck up queen Bess,
And take their full swing in the island.
Oh, the poor queen and the island,
The drones came to plunder the island;
But snug in her hive, the queen was alive,
And buz was the word at the island.

These proud puff'd up cakes thought to make ducks
and drakes
Of our wealth, but they scarcely could spy land,
Ere our Drake had the luck to make their pride duck,
And stoop to the lads of the island.
Hooza! for the lads of the island,
The good wooden walls of the island;
Devil or Don, let 'em come on,
But how would they come off at the island.

I don't wonder much that the French and the Dutch
Have since been oft' tempted to try land,
And I wonder much less they have met no success,
For why should we give up our island.
Oh, 'tis a wonderful island,
And all of 'em long for the island;
Hold a bit there, (let 'em) take fire and air,
But we'll have the sea and the island.

Then since Freedom and Neptune have hitherto kept
tune,
In each saying this shall be my land,
Should the army of England, or all they could bring
land,
We'd show 'em some play for the island.
We'd fight for our right to the island,
We'd give 'em enough of the island;
Frenchmen should just bite at our dust,
But not a bit more of the island.

THE SEAMAN'S FRIEND.

I'VE sail'd with many a captain bold,
I've sail'd both near and far,
I've sarv'd my king, I'm growing old,
And am mark'd with many a scar.

To larned words I don't pretend,
I says but this, and there's an end;
Heaven prosper long the seaman's friend;
The seaman's friend!

Only think when a tar gets out to sea,
To fight for his country dear;
Leave wife and children two or three,
Who all for his safety fear.
Only think how aloft their prayers ascend,
For those who may chance his lot to mend,
And to prosper long the seaman's friend;
The seaman's friend!

NOTHING LIKE GROG.

A PLAGUE of those musty old lubbers,
Who tell us to fast and to think,
And patient fall in with life's rubbers,
With nothing but water to drink.
A can of good stuff, had they twigg'd it,
Would have sent them for pleasure agog,
And, spite of the rules,
The rules of the schools,
The old fools would have all of them swigg'd it,
And swore there was nothing like grog.

My father, when last I from Guinea
Return'd with abundance of wealth,
Cry'd, Jack, never be such a ninny
To drink;—says I, Father your health!
So I pass'd round the stuff and he twigg'd it,
And it set the old codger agog;
And he swigg'd, and mother,
And sister, and brother,
And I swigg'd, and all of us swigg'd it,
And swore there was nothing like grog.

One day when the chaplain was preaching,
Behind him I curiously slunk,
And while he our duty was teaching,
As how we should never get drunk;
I tipp'd him the stuff and he twigg'd it,
Which soon set his reverence agog;
And he swigg'd, and Nick swigg'd,
And Ben swigg'd, and Dick swigg'd,
And I swigg'd, and all of us swigg'd it,
And swore there was nothing like grog.

Then trust me, there's nothing as drinking
So pleasant on this side the grave,
It keeps the unhappy from thinking,
And makes 'em more valiant, more brave.
For me, from the moment I twigg'd it,
The good stuff so set me agog,
Sick or well, late or early,
Wind foully or fairly,
I've constantly, constantly swigg'd it,
And d—n me, there's nothing like grog.

A SAILOR'S ADVICE.

LIFE'S like a ship in constant motion,
Sometimes high and sometimes low;
Where ev'ry hand must brave the ocean,
Whatsoever winds may blow.
If unassail'd by storm or shower,
Wafted by the gentle gales,
Let's not lose the favouring hour,
Whilst success attends our sails.

But if the wayward winds should bluster,
Let us not give way to fear;
But let us all our patience muster,
And learn from reason how to steer:

Let judgment keep you ever steady,
That's a ballast never fails;
If dangers rise, be ever ready
To manage well the swelling sails.

Trust not too much your own opinion,
Whilst your vessel's under way;
Let good example bear dominion,
That's a compass will not stray.
When thund'ring tempests make you shudder,
And Boreas o'er the surface rails,
Let good discretion guide the rudder,
And Providence unbend the sails.

Then when you're safe from danger riding,
In some welcome port or bay,
Let hope be the anchor you confide in,
And care a-while in slumbers lay:
Then when each can's with liquor flowing,
And good fellowship prevails,
Let each heart with rapture glowing,
Drink success unto our sails.

FY GAR RUB HER O'ER WI' STRAE.

GIN ye meet a bonny lassie,
Gi'e her a kiss and let her gae;
But if ye meet a dirty hussy,
Fy gar rub her o'er wi' strae.
Be sure dinna quit the grip,
Of ilka joy when ye are young,
Before auld age your vitals nip,
And lay you twafold o'er a rung.

Sweet youth's a blythe and heartsome time;
Then, lads and lasses, while 'tis May,
Gae pu' the gowan in its prime,
Before it wither and decay.

Watch the saft minutes of delyte,
When Jenny speaks beneath her breath,
And kisses, laying a' the wyte
On you, if she kep ony skaith.

Haith y're ill bred, she'll, smiling, say,
Ye'll worry me, ye greedy rook;
Syne frae your arms she'll rin away,
And hide hersel' in some dark nook.
Her laugh will lead you to the place,
Where lyes the happiness ye want,
And plainly tell you to your face,
"Nineteen nay-says are half a grant."

Now to her heaving bosom cling,
And sweetly toolie for a kiss:
Frae her fair finger whoop a ring,
As taiken of a future bliss.
These bennisons, I'm very sure,
Are of the gods indulgent grant;
Then, surly curs, wish't, forbear
To plague us wi' your whining cant.

HENRY AND ROSA.

Sung by Mrs. Jordan, in the Secret.

MAJESTIC rose the god of day
In yon bright burnish'd day,
Old Ocean kindled at the ray,
And heav'd himself on high:
On the deck Henry stood,
To view the swelling tide,
Ah!—no,—Henry,—no!
He thought not of the flood,
'Twas Rosa by his side.

Now softly sunk the setting sun
Beneath his wat'ry bed;
The ev'ning watch was hush'd and done,
The pilot hung his head;
On the deck Rosa staid,
To view the waters glide,
Ah!—no,—Rosa,—no!
Such thought ne'er touch'd the maid,
'Twas Henry by her side.

POOR NEGRO WOMAN, ULALEE.

Sung by Mrs. Mountain, in the Drama of Obi, or Three-Finger'd Jack.

MY cruel love to danger go,
No think of pain he give to me;
Too soon me fear like grief to know,
As broke the heart of Ulalee,
Poor Negro Woman, Ulalee!

Poor soul! to see her hang her head
All day beneath the Cypress Tree;—
And still she sing my love be dead—
The husband of poor Ulalee.
Poor Negro Woman, Ulalee!

My love be kill'd! how sweet he smil'd;
His smile again me never see;
Unless me see it in the child
That he have left poor Ulalee.
Poor Negro Woman, Ulalee!

" My baby to my breast I fold,
" But little warmth, poor boy! have he;
" His father's death make all so cold
" About the heart of Ulalee.
Poor Negro Woman, Ulalee!"

ORIGINAL SONG.

By Mrs. Mills and Groupe, in the Characters of Gipseys, at the Rural Fete Frogmore, before their Majesties.

COME, Royal GEORGE, and all thy court,
Come, see our pastime, see our sport;
Merry souls, and merry faces;
Not the muses, or the graces,
Can, with all their pow'r to charm,
Boast feelings truer, hearts more warm
Than our's, great GEORGE, for thee.

Let them sublimer honours claim;
Unpolish'd mirth's our only aim;
Contented if our sov'reign smile,
We care not, then, if they revile;
Truth needs no ornament or shew;
No bosoms more with love o'erflow
Than our's, great GEORGE, for thee.

We to thy honour'd CONSORT too,
All, all, are loyal, all are true;
To all thine house, in love we join,
For all to us, is dear, that's thine
Were not our fate with thine involv'd,
Still were no hearts yet more resolv'd,
Than our's, great GEORGE, for thee.

SONG.

Sung by Corporal Brassenton of the Staffordshire Militia, at the Rural Fete, Frogmore, before their Majesties.

Tune—"*Ally Croker.*"

WHEN republican doctrines are ev'ry where found, Sir,
And leveling principles so much abound, Sir,

Let each son of liberty joyfully sing, Sir,
Long to reign over us, God save the King, Sir,
Send him victorious, happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us, God save the King, Sir.

May health and prosperity ever attend him,
And both whig and tory unite to defend him;
May the spirit of loyalty ever increase, Sir,
Abroad give us triumphs, at home give us peace, Sir,
The spirit to mantain, let us instantly sing, Sir,
In spite of all jacobins, God save the King, Sir.

May ev'ry reformer throughout this whole nation
Begin with himself the good reformation,
And may the bloody progress of French revolution,
Teach us how to value a good constitution,
While with grateful hearts we exultingly sing, Sir,
Long to reign over us, God save the King, Sir.

May atheistic levellers be equally low, Sir,
Who'd gladly the alter, and throne, overthrow, Sir,
And may each loyal subject long join in this strain,
Sir,
God save the King, and defend him from *Paine*, Sir,
Send him victorious, happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us, God save the King, Sir.

THE COTTAGE ON THE MOOR,

Sung by Mrs. Herbert, at the Royal Circus.

MY mam is no more, and my dad's in his grave,
Little orphans are sisters and I, sadly poor;
Industry our wealth, and no dwelling we have
But yon neat little cottage that stands on the moor.

The lark's early song does to labour invite,
Contented we just keep the wolf from the door;
And, Phœbus retiring, trip home with delight
To our neat little cottage that stands on the moor.

Our meals are but homely, mirth sweetens the cheer,
Affection's our inmate, the guest we adore;
And heart-ease and health make a palace appear,
Of our neat little cottage that stands on the moor.

THE FOWLER.

Sung in the Magic Flute.

I am the fowler blithe and gay,
A merry fellow night and day,
My name is held in great renown,
Throughout the land, in ev'ry town.

Each rustic youth my practice tries,
While frighted ev'ry object flies,
But mine is ev'ry neighb'ring bird,
When my enchanting pipe is heard.

I spend my life in mirth and glee,
For I have all I want you see,
And yet my ever roving mind,
Seeks greater happiness to find.

A lure for pretty girls I wish,
Oh dear! how many then I'd fish,
For when I was to draw my line,
The girls around would all be mine.

LITTLE SALLY'S WOODEN WARE,

Sung by Mrs. Bland.

COME buy poor Sally's wooden ware,
Who all for money barters,
My pins, my toys, my shoe-knots rare,
My bodkins, lace, and garters.
Full cheap my various goods I sell
Through village, street, and alley;
In London, where I'm known full well,
They call me little Sally.
In London, &c.

Now thus from town to town I stray,
Light-hearted, free from sorrow;
And, when I eat my meal to-day,
I care not for to-morrow.
So ne'er again I'll London see,
But range each hill and valley;
Come, spend a trifle, Sir, with me,
And think on little Sally.
Come, spend, &c.

A BUNDLE OF PROVERBS,

Sung by Mr. Munden, at Covent-Garden Theatre.

MY name's Obadiah, a Quaker I am—(hum)
In spirit a lion, in figure a lamb;
'Tis true, I can't sing like the smarts of the town (hum!)
But I now and then chaunt out a stave of my own;
In Britain's praise,
My voice I'll raise—
May no foreign follies her sons bewitch!—(hum!)
If the blind lead the blind both will fall in the ditch—
(hum!)

The French in their pride talk of conquering, true—
But 'tis one thing to say, and another to do;
Let them meet our brave tars, and they quickly retire,
For I've heard that burnt children dread sorely the fire.
They vaunting, roar
They'll soon come o'er,
And get us all under their claws in a trice;
But you know noisy cats very seldom catch mice.

I own they've done much by their fighting and burning,
But 'tis a long lane that has never a turning!
They rail at our laws, and religion, alas!
Those should never throw stones who have windows of
glass.
They proudly boast
Their conquering host,
To humble old England shall soon be dispatch'd;
But some reckon their chickens before they are hatch'd.

In numbers they greatly exceed us, 'tis clear,
But two prest men's not equal to one volunteer;
In vain they are striving---mind not their alarms,
Sure they'll not find us babes, tho' we'll all be in arms.
Yea, faith and troth,
I'm mov'd to wrath,
Friend, lend me thy weapon---and I for one,
Will prove the old proverb as sure as a gun.

Now, tho' I'm a Quaker, I don't quake for fear,
For a thousand hot words will not sour good beer:
If we firmly unite, we may laugh at their tricks,
Let us mind the old tale of the bundle of sticks.
In friendship's bands,
Join heart in hands,
Let the spirits of Englishmen move us all!
While the props are firm the old house cannot fall.

SONG.

By R. Cumberland Esq. Sung by Mrs. Bland in the Sighs.

'TWAS in the solemn midnight hour,
When all was dark around,
When planets strike, and spells have pow'r,
And mandrakes cleave the ground,
I heard a voice, as from the tomb,
The bell then beating one;
"Adieu!" it cry'd, "I meet my doom;
"My life's last sand is run."

'Twas William's voice, 'twas William's form,
Wet from his wat'ry grave,
"I sink," he cry'd, "amid the storm,
I sleep beneath the wave."—
Starting, I rise and snatch my gown,
And hasten to the shore;
I see the gallant ship go down,
But see my love no more.

SONG

Tune---*Ally Croaker.*

UP and down, round about, al the streets I paraded,
And zeen beaux who didn't know their beauties war vaded,
Their cuoates war zoo cut away---breeches to expose, zur,
And heads zoo bevrizz'd---curdles cover'd half their nose, zur.
Their cuoates war zoo, &c.

Then the ladies zoo dress---they do bury all their chin, zur,
Zoo lac'd in the middle---to look taper and thin, zur,
While behind, hoops and all, they do need nothing moor, zur,
But weight enow to balance what they carry here avore zur.
Behind hoops, &c.

How I laugh'd, O my zides, to zee zome ladies walking
Al about vast asleep! and what's more, they were talking
But in a dream, I suppose, vor al round about their heads zur,
The curtains war drawn, just as tho' they war in bed, zur.
In a dream, &c.

In the Crezzunt, 'tis as fine a place as ever I did zee, zur,
The beaux shorten paces with the belles to a ree, zur,
Niddle, noddle, to and fro---and to view each that passes,
For vear their eyes should wear out, they do stare dro looking glasses.
(Mimics their manners aukwardly.
Niddle, noddle, &c.

But pretending short zight, zarves a good turn enow, too,
They can auverlook those that they don't wish to bow to,
And at beauties can squinny with their glasses cock'd so close, zur,
Zometimes you would think, they war hook'd nose by nose, zur.
At beauties, &c.

In the pump room vull cramm'd---'tis a zight for to zee, zur,
And stranger to tell, there all ranks do agree, zur,
Vor leek corks in a box, stuck upright cheek by jowl, zur,
Push but one, and bob goes the bodies of the whole, zur.
Leek corks, &c.

But what pleas'd I the maust, war to zee in fine weather
Vine volk ride about in them things made of leather;
While two men wid long polls---all the world like a brier, zur,
Trot along with the corps---stuck an end in the air, zur.
Two men, &c.

Now you'll hardly believe, but you may if it please ye,
That I got a ride in one---I thought 'twar zoo eazy,
Trot along they did go---I went bibbity bob, zur.
(Mimics the chairman.
And now and then, bang 'gainst the zide went my nob, zur.
Along they, &c.

But all at once they did stop---because they could not pass, zur,
And pop! I could not help it, went my noodle dro the glass, zur,
Then quite overzet---dro the casement they haul'd me,
Dang it! I shall never vorget how they maul'd me!
Quite overzet, &c.

At about war such racketing, such rioting, and ringing,
Zuch crying, and laughing, and vidling, and zinging,
And at night---here and there zivil leadies zoo pretty!
Do zay---How d'ye do, zur, whenever they do meet ye.
At night, &c.

At last having zeed al the zights and fine places,
Zhops, baths, rooms, parades, and a zight o' strange vaces,
I thought I'd come here, tho' my tale made ye laugh, zurs,
To tell ye this zight pleases I the best by half, zurs!
(Viewing the audience.
I thought, &c.

Now don't ye, dread critics---shew a spark of ill-nature,
My wish is to please---you may read in each feature,
O the pleasure of pleasing, my wish shall be for ever,
And you all to please---be my constant endeavour
The pleasure of pleasing, &c.

HOLIDAY TIME.

Sung by Mr. Wallack, at the Royalty Theatre.

Tune---*The Pyeman.*

OH! health and long life to you all,
My masters and mistresses too;
Once again, I am here at your call,
To say from my heart---How d'ye do?
'Tis holiday time, as you know,
And the coach pretty crowded I drive,
But the best fare of all---gee-ho!
Is to see my good friends all alive.
Ri-um-ti-idity-um, &c.

Oh! could you but see what odd folks,
I drive in my carriage and four;
Why, truly in spite of all jokes,
You'd laugh if you ne'er laugh'd before;

For here is a poor little taylor,
Squeaking out for more room, pretty oft
And with his girl sits a sailor,
Who bundles poor Stitch up aloft.
Ri-um-ti-idity-um, &c.

Now here is old Shortweight the baker,
And there is a virgin from Wapping,
Next to her sits a prim-looking quaker,
With Bobby the beau, fam'd for hopping;
Then here is a city apprentice,
And there is a gentleman's lacquey;
With Pull-out, the great puffing dentist,
And the milliner's man, Master Jackey.
Ri-um-ti-idity-um, &c.

Then there is—Oh dear! how you squeeze!
With shambling Joey the sawyer—
Little Snob, rather lame in his knees,
With a half of the Devil, the lawyer;
But what are their callings to me?
Or how they are cramm'd, so I drive oh;
Yet I carry some queer ones, you see,
And in holiday time all alive, oh.
Ri-um-ti-idity-um, &c.

ABRAHAM NEWLAND.

Sung by Mr. Davis, at Sadler's Wells.

THERE ne'er was a name so handed by fame,
Thro' air, thro' ocean, and thro' land,
As one that is wrote upon every bank note,
And you all must know Abraham Newland.
Oh, Abraham Newland!
Notified Abraham Newland!
I have heard people say, sham Abraham you may,
But you must not sham Abraham Newland.

For fashion or arts should you seek foreign parts,
It matters not wherever you land,
Jew, Christian, or Greek, the same language they speak
That's the language of Abraham Newland.
Oh, Abraham Newland!
Wonderful Abraham Newland!
Tho' with compliments cramm'd, you may die and be d-d
If you hav'n't an Abraham Newland.

The world is inclin'd to think justice is blind,
Lawyers know very well they can view land;
But, lord, what of that? she'll blink like a bat,
At the sight of an Abraham Newland.
Oh, Abraham Newland.
Magical Abraham Newland!
Tho' justice 'tis known can see through a mill-stone,
She can't see through Abraham Newland.

Your patriots who bawl for the good of us all,
Kind souls! here like mushrooms they strew land;
Tho' loud as a drum, each proves orator mum,
If attack'd by stout Abraham Newland.
Oh, Abraham Newland!
Invincible Abraham Newland!
No argument's found in the world half so sound
As the logic of Abraham Newland.

The French say they're coming, but sure they are humming
I know what they want if they do land;
We'll make their ears ring, in defence of our king,
Our country and Abraham Newland.
Oh, Abraham Newland!
Darling Abraham Newland!
No tri-colour'd elf, nor the devil himself,
Shall e'er rob us of Abraham Newland.

WHEN FIRST FROM KILKENNY.

Sung by Mr. Howell, at the Royalty Theatre.

Tune—*What can the matter be,*

WHEN first come from Kilkenny as fresh as a daisy,
The girls of our village all swore I was crazy ;
Arrah, maid, wife, or widow, could never be aisy,
If once, joy, I came in her way.
And, it's—Dear, dear, what can the matter be ?
Oh, botheration, joy ! what can the matter be ?
Such a fellow as Casey, they swore, there could never be,
For at romps, faith, I spent the whole day.

But soon as Miss Jenny fell into my way, Sir,
As dull as a sparrow I rambled all day ; Sir
I strove to speak to her, but nothing could say, Sir,
But phililu, what is't I ail?
And—Dear, dear, what can the matter be ?
Oh, dear, what can the matter be?
The neighbours all laughing, cried---What can the matter be ?
Murphy O'Casey looks pale.

Our minds scarce made up, a rude press-gang assail'd me,
And tho' I tipp'd them leg bail, my jewel, soon nail'd me;
Jenteel by the collar, along the streets trail'd me,
And lodg'd me a top of a ship.
Speaks.) Where they left me, and half a dozen more, poked up in a hen-coop, all alone by myself, singing—
Dear, dear, what can the matter be ?
Oh, musha whack, honey, what can the matter be ?
But what of all that, sure, I'm now safe return'd from sea ;
Wa'n't it a delicate trip.

THE DISCONSOLATE SAILOR.

By G. S. Carey, Esq.

WHEN my money was gone that I gain'd in the wars,
And the world 'gan to frown at my fate,
What matter'd my zeal, or my honoured scars,
When indifference stood at each gate.

The face that would smile when my purse was well lin'd,
Shew'd a different aspect to me,
And when I could nought but ingratitude find,
I hi'd once again to the sea.

I thought it unwise to repine at my lot,
To bear with cold looks on the shore,
So I pack'd up the trifling remnants I'd got,
And a trifle, alas! was my store.

A handkerchief held all the treasure I had,
Which over my shoulder I threw,
Away then I trudg'd, with a heart rather sad,
To join with some jolly ship's crew.

The sea was less troubled, by far, than my mind,
For when the wide main I survey'd,
I could not help thinking the world was unkind,
And fortune a slippery jade.

And I vow'd, if once more I could take her in tow,
I'd let the ungrateful ones see,
That the turbulent winds, and the billows could shew
More kindness than they did to me.

THE RICHMOND PRIMROSE GIRL.

Sung by Mr. Incledon, at Freemasons Hall.

NEAR bowery Richmond, Thames's pride,
Dwelt Ellen, when her father died:
One snowy night he lost his way,
And never more beheld the day;
Two infant boys around the mother clung,
And kindred grief the heart of Ellen wrung.

Upon the earth her eyes she threw,
The flow'rets wild before her grew:
Those gifts, by bounteous nature spread,
She gather'd, to procure them bread,
And thro' the hollow sounding streets,
By few reliev'd, but jeer'd by many,
Her cry each morning she repeats,
Primroses primroses, primroses, two bunches a penny,
Primroses, two bunches a penny.

Her pensive way I've seen her keep,
With anxious step from door to door,
And oft I've turn'd aside to weep,
And mourn'd that fortune made me poor;
Ere early light adorns the sky,
She roves the heath and valley fenny,
And towards proud London hastes to cry—
Primroses, primroses, primroses, two bunches a penny,
Primroses, two bunches a penny.

THE MAID OF THE ROCK.

By G. S. Carey.

(ORIGINAL.)

I SAT out one eve, with intention to roam,
To the Rock, where the surges wantonly play,
When the owl had stol'n out from his secret home,
And bright-vested Hesperus clos'd in the day.

The moon was at full, and with dignity rose,
And tissu'd with silver the green-mantl'd seas,
The God of the ocean was gone to repose,
And Æolus fann'd with a whispering breeze.

On reaching the cave where old legends report,
And many a sorrowful tale has been sung,
Where blood-hunting robbers have oft held their court,
On each side was some vestige of chivalry hung;
My eyes were alarm'd on beholding a maid,
Who, near to the cavern, sat silent in grief,
Her head on her hand all in sorrow was laid,
A hard rocky pillow was all her relief.

She started with fear, and she fain would have fled,
I begg'd her to stay and her sorrows relate,
Then told her, from me, she had nothing to dread,
That I was sent there by the order of fate,
You came by the order of one, she reply'd,
Who has done all she can to distract my poor mind,
O'er-whelm'd in the deep, my dear William, my pride,
Then sunk, and she gave her last breath to the wind!

MARY OF THE TYNE.

(ORIGINAL.)

WHAT pleasure oft' 'tis to reveal,
The pain or pleasure that we feel;
'Tis bliss, while either we impart
Unto a sympathetic heart;—
Just like that sweet heart of thine,
My lovely Mary of the Tyne.

I lose, when near thee, all my care,
When from thee, I am all despair;
My bosom heaves with anxious pain,
Until I meet with thee again;
What are the adverse pangs of mine,
My lovely Mary of the Tyne?

Say is it from thy beauteous face,
Or is it from thy natural grace,
Or is it thy angelic mind,
Or is it ev'ry one combin'd,
Making one sweet from divine,
My lovely Mary of the Tyne?

Shou'd it be love, thou'lt sure forgive,
That is the food on which I live;
But if thou shou'dst that bliss deny,
Then must thy faithful lover die;
Or linger out his life and pine,
For lovely Mary of the Tyne.

NANCY.

Sung by Miss Waters.

ONE sweet May morn, in Woodley park,
From a fond parent first I parted,
And kept along the winding vale,
With trembling step and doubtful hearted;
In climbing slow the village hill,
Full oft' I turn'd, indulging fancy,
When on its brow I lingering still,
Look'd, sigh'd, and wept—ah! happy Nancy.

The Chester coach, for London now
Took up its burthen gay and cheery,
But as it lengthen'd on my view,
The busy road to me seem'd dreary!
Silent my flying couch I prest,
Yet to amuse my troubled fancy,
I sometimes caught the passing jest,
I heard and smil'd—ah! thoughtless Nancy.

And now arriv'd at that dear spot,
The bound of many a village longing,
Soon humbler views were all forgot,
'Midst high rais'd hopes alternate thronging:
With flatt'ry, so it prov'd to be,
The men caught ev'ry female fancy,
And when in turn it fix'd on me,
I fond believ'd—ah! simple Nancy.

Too soon the simple storm came on,
Gay London—would I sought it never!
Saw one more hapless maid undone,
And wreck'd her fairest hopes for ever:
The day was pass'd in silent woe,
At night, it may be only fancy,
A pitying angel whisper'd now,
Fly hence, or thou art lost, poor Nancy.

At break of day, disguis'd, alone,
I urg'd my flight, scarce caring whither,
And left for aye the vicious town,
And a gay villain's arms together:
Thus quitting both, yet woman still,
A thousand fears rush on my fancy—
Ah! may, at last, kind chance reveal
Some friendly shade to hide poor Nancy.

JOLLY JACK OF DOVER.

I'M jolly Jack main top-mast, call'd jolly Jack of Dover,
Who've lately been employ'd much in bringing Frenchmen over—
Split my top sails if ever I'd such cargoes before, sir,
And sink me to the bottom if I'll carry any more, sir.

CHORUS.

Oh no the devil a bit with jolly Jack of Dover,
None of your perfidious French shall ever more come over.

I brought over a priest, and he was not worth a farthing;
He offer'd for his passage, for all my sins a pardon;
I curs'd his lubber lazy limbs, and trundled him ashore, sir
Split my timbers if ever I'll be done so any more, sir.
Oh no the devil a bit, &c.

I brought o'er a lady, a person of distinguish'd note,
She offer'd for her passage a corner of her passage boat;
But says I, it won't do, ma'am, perhaps your boat is leaky,
Or perhaps you're a French fire ship, so sink me if I speak ye.
Oh no the devil a bit, &c.

I brought o'er a barber, who offer'd me a tweezer case,
A pot of paint and curling tongs, to decorate my homely face;
Smash your sprit-sail, says I, then my face wants no careening,
But you want to go passage free, I understand your meaning.
Oh no the devil a bit, &c.

I brought o'er a captain, who pleaded his great poverty,
Says I, you're a coward, or you would not from your country fly;
And so, my limbs, I'll make you pay as sure as you're alive now,
Or down you go to Davy Jones, and learn of him to dive now.
Oh no the devil a bit, &c.

I brought o'er a milliner, she said her name was Nancy,
And she had got some fringes which would amuse my fancy;
But says I, back avast there, my dear, I'm not so eager,
Not quite so tir'd of English meat, to long for your soup meagre.
Oh no the devil a bit, &c.

I brought o'er a swindler, coward renegado,
Who fled because he fear'd to get a German bastinado,
He thinking for to cheat me, jump'd over board and
swam ashore,
But forgot to take along with him a box of shining
Louis do'r.
Oh no the devil a bit, &c.

So now here's a health to Old England and her tars, sir,
May heaven keep us safe from all civil broils and jars,
sir,
I'll never fall a-stern when my country's in distress,
sir,
Nor land another Frenchman my country to oppress,
sir,
Oh no the devil a bit, &c.

LOVE AND UNANIMITY.

Tune—*The Hardy Tar.*

WHEN party feuds and hateful broils
Distrust and mad delusion,
Disturb the happiest of isles,
And all is wild confusion:
When each pursues his stubborn will,
And minds are much divided,
It then requires the utmost skill,
To get the storm subsided.

CHORUS.

Then let us hand and heart exert,
With manly resolution,
Determ'd firmly to support
Our Glorious Constitution.

The chearful and industrious heart,
Who oft perhaps in need is,
If well in life he acts his part,
I care not what his creed is;

Dissenter—Churchman—Catholic,
Whatever their persuasions,
Good subjects are to me alike,
Of all denominations.
Chorus—Then let us, &c.

Let harmony without controul,
Be quickly reinstated,
'Twill glad the breast of each free soul,
To have the work compleated:
Fair commerce then will more expand,
Nor shall our hopes be blighted,
No foreign foe can harm our land,
If Britons are united.
Chorus—Then let us, &c.

To quell at once the hateful storm,
And stifle all confusion,
Tho' cherish'd by the word Reform,
We'll have no Revolution;
By truth's fair standard may we see
The wheels of state directed,
And freedom, life, and property,
For ever be protected.

CHORUS.

Then let us hand and heart exert,
With manly resolution,
Determin'd firmly to support
Our KING and CONSTITUTION.

THE SOCIAL FRIEND.

Tune—*Sweet Lass of Richmond Hill.*

WHAT mortal can more happy be,
Than he who spends his days,
From envy and contention free,
And does his best to please.

CHORUS.

At close of day—go where I may,
A social hour to spend;
Whilst life I prize—of tranquil joys,
Give me the Real Friend.

Good humour fondly to impart,
Was always pleasant found,
And party spleen, I from my heart
Wish in oblivion drown'd.
Chorus—At close of day, &c.

That good old saying much I love,
"Be merry and be wise,"
For who of conduct can approve,
Which harmony destroys.
Chorus—At close of day, &c.

May truth her glorious standard rear,
Our sacred rights to guard,
And genuine merit every where
Receive its just reward.
Chorus—At close of day, &c.

THE LADS OF THE OCEAN.

Tune—*Go to the Devil and shake yourself.*

WHAT matters your ditties, your jokes, and narrations,
Of lawyers, and doctors still making your game,
With your gallipots, parchments, and clients, and patients,
And all such cantankerous stuff as that same,
In praise of our admirals, captains, and sailors,
I'll sing, and long life to the lads, and all such
Who on the salt ocean were never yet failers
In banging the Spaniards, the French, and the Dutch,
And sing fillalloo, smallilloo, ditheroo, whack,
Let an enemy come and we'll trundle him back,
While the lads of the ocean shall tell the proud elf,
He may go to the Devil and shake himself.
Chorus—And sing fillalloo, &c.

Did'nt Frenchmen one June to our lads cry *peccavi*,
Lord Howe he did pelt them through thunder and smoke
With British hard dumplins without any gravy,
Till Mounseer no longer could relish the joke?
And then did'nt Jarvis the Spaniards belather?
Then Duncan and Nelson completed the job,
To shew them we can beat them all three both together
As fast as each pleases to put up his nob.
Chorus—And sing fillalloo, &c.

Each wave as it washes our shores would soon tell us,
If it had but a tongue and could speak what was just,
How it carry'd to glory our brave honest fellows—
How oft on its surface our foes bit the dust.
And now to be building on land you'd be a'ter,
Some trophy of honour their actions to grace,
While they have built one for themselves on the water,
The Devil himself could'nt shove from its place.
Chorus—And sing fillalloo, &c.

THE MODEL.

MY friend is the man I wou'd copy through life,
He harbours no envy, he causes no strife;
No murmurs escape him, though fortune bears hard,
Content is his portion, and peace his reward;
Still happy in his station,
He minds his occupation,
Nor heeds the cares,
Nor knows the snares,
Which vice and folly brings;
Daily working wearily,
Nightly singing cheerily,
Dear to him his wife, his home, his country, and his King.

His heart is enlarged, though his income is scant,
He lessens his little for others that want;
Tho' his children's dear claim on his industry press,
He has something to spare for the child of distress;
He seeks no idle squabble,
He joins no thoughtless rabble,
To clear his way,
From day to day,
His honest views extend;
When he speaks 'tis verily,
When he smiles 'tis merrily;
Dear to him his sport, his toil, his honour, and his friend.

How charming to find, in his humble retreat,
That bliss so much sought, so unknown to the great;
The wife only anxious her fondness to prove,
The playful endearments of infantine love;
Relaxing from his labours,
Amid his welcome neighbours,
With plain regale,
With jest and tale,
The happy peasant see;
No vain schemes confounding him;
All his joys surrounding him,
Dear he holds his native Land, its Laws and Liberty.

SADI THE MOOR.

The trees seem'd to fade, as the dear spot I'm viewing,
My eyes fill with tears as I look at the door;
And see the lov'd cottage all sinking in ruin,
The cottage of peace, and Sadi the Moor.
Poor Sadi was merciful, honest, and chearly,
His friends were his life's blood, he valued them dearly,
And his sweet dark-eye'd Zeida, he lov'd her sincerely,
Hard was the fate of poor Sadi the Moor.

As Sadi was toiling, his Zeida was near him,
His children were smiling and prattling before,
When the pirates appear, from his true love they tear him,
And drag to the vessel poor Sadi the Moor.
The forlorn one rav'd loudly, her lost husband seeking,
His children, and friends at a distance were shrieking,
Poor Sadi cried out, while his sad heart was breaking,
Pity the sorrows of Sadi the Moor.

In spite of his plaint to the galley they bore him,
His Zeida and children, to mourn and deplore,
At morn from his feverish slumbers they tore him,
And with blows hardly treated poor Sadi the Moor.
At night up aloft while the still Moon was clouding,
The thought of his babes on his wretched mind crowding,
He heav'd a last sigh, and fell dead from the shrouding,
The sea was the grave of Sadi the Moor.

PRAY REMEMBER JACK.

Sung by Mr. Fawcett, at the Theatre Royal Corent Garden.

WHEN scarce a handspike high,
Death with old dad made free;
So what does I do, d'ye think,
But pikes it off to sea.
Says I to sweetheart Poll,
If ever I come back,
We'll laugh and sing tol de rol lol,
If not, remember Jack.

I'd fortune smooth and rough,
The wind would chop and veer;
Till hard knocks I'd nabb'd enough
On-board a privateer.

3171
M-F
Poet; B-H

Propp'd with a wooden peg,
Poll I thought would bid me pack;
So was forc'd, d'ye see, to beg,
And 'twas—Pray remember Jack.

I ax'd, as folks hove by,
And shew'd my wooden pin;
Young girls would sometimes sigh,
And gaping lubbers grin.
In vain I often bawl,
My hopes were ta'en aback,
And my share of copper small;
So pray remember Jack.

One day, my lockers bare,
And togs all tatter'd grown,
I twigg'd a pinnace fair,
Well rigg'd, a bearing down.
'Twas Poll—she look'd so spruce;
"What thus," says she, "come back!"
My tongue forgot its use,
And pray remember Jack.

What matters much to prate,
She'd shiners sav'd a few;
Soon I became her mate:
Wa'nt Poll a sweetheart true?
Then from a friend I sarv'd before,
From a long voyage trips back;
Shar'd with I his gold galore,
For, he well remember'd Jack.

So, what though I lost my leg,
It seem'd to fortune mend;
And was forc'd, d'ye see, to beg,
I gain'd a wife and friend.
Here's the King; Old England, Pol
My shipmate just come back
Then laugh and sing tol de rol lol,
And pray remember Jack.

FINIS.

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